DO YOU REMEMBER? "Un Eacio Dato None Mai Perduto."

IW. W. Story in the Atlantic for January.] Because we once drove together In the moonlight over the snow, With the thorp bells ringing their tinkling chime,

So many a year ago, Sc. now, as I hear them fingle, The winter cones back sgain, Though the summer stirs in the heavy trees, And the wild rose scents the lane.

We gather our furs around us. Our faces the keen air stings, And noiseless we fly o'er the snow-hushed world Almest as if we had wings.

Enough is the joy of mere living, Enough is the blood's quick thrill; We are simply hearpy—I care not why— We are happy beyond our will.

The trees are with icicles jewelled, The walls are o'er-surfed with snow; The houses with marble whiteness are roofed, In their windows the home-lights glow.

Through the tense, clear sky above us The keen stars flash and gleam, And wrapped in their silent shroud of snow The broad fields lie and dream.

And jingling with low, sweet clashing Ring the hells as our good horse goes, And tossing his head, from his nostrils red His frosty breath he blows.

And close you nestle against me,
While around your waist my arm
I have slipped—'its so bitter, bitter cold—
It is only to keep us warm.

We talk, and then we are silent; And suddenly—you know why— I stooped—could I help it? You lifted your face— We kissed—there was nobody nigh.

And no one was ever the wiser, And no one was ever the worse; The skies did not fall—as perhaps they ought— And we heard no paternal curse.

I never told it—did you, dear?— From that day unto this; But my memory keeps in its inmost recess, Like a perfume, that innocent kiss.

I dare say you have forgotten,

'Twas so many a year ago; Or you may not choose to remember it, Time may have changed you so. The world so chills us and kills us, Perhaps you may scorn to recall That night, with its innecent impulse— Perhaps you'll deny it all.

But if of that fresh, sweet nature The veriest vestice survive, You remember that moment's madness— You remember that moonlight drive.

OUEER THINGS ABOUT WILLS. Notes of Odd Bequests and Singular Decisions in Will Cases from Recent Papers.

There are few more interesting subjects than wills, as any reader of fiction or dramatic literawills, as any reader of fiction or dramatic literature, or of the current newspapers—to say nothing of such volumes as Mr. John Proffat's "Curlosities and Laws of Wills"—will be ready to acknowledge off-hand. New Yorkers have supped full of contested will cases this year, and it is only a couple of days since they found quite as great a curlosity as the Vanderbilt testament in the brief, business-like (and uncontested) will of Peter Goelet, which in two pages of foolscap disposed of \$55,000,000 of property. There are disposed of \$25,000,000 of property. There are many of our readers, however, that will be interested in some brief notes of singular wills, such as any one who regularly peruses a considerable number of newspapers cannot fail to accumulate in the course of a few months'

experience.
In the way of model wills this, bearing date New York, March 5, 1879, is notable:
This is my last will and testament. I give to
my beloved wife, Barbara Labmeister, all my
property at my death.
Pubelstein Labmeister.

Brief as this is, it has been emulated in brevity by an English testator, who wrote, "Mrs.

is to have all when I die." "Save the is to have all when I die," "Save the pieces" is always a good motto for careful house-wives, and never should it be more imperatively followed than when the fragments of a will are concerned. A gentleman of means died in London on April 1 in a state of madness, the result of frequent and violent attacks of delirium tremens. In one of these attacks, while destroy-ing his furniture, articles of vertu and some valuable documents, in a moment and before his hand could be arrested he tore his will into small pieces and scattered them on the floor of his room. His wife, who was present at the time, carefully collected the scraps, preserved them and produced them for probate after his death, pasted in proper order upon a background of paper. A medical certificate to the effect that at the time when this act was done the testator was suffering from delirium was read, and the court decided to admit the read, and the court decided to admit the will to probate. In the case of the late Lord St. Leonard, in his lifetime Chancellor of England, the court improved on this and did not even ask for the pieces. He had drawn up a will which he regarded with pride and affection as the will of all wills—something like the memorable bunkum fence, which was horsehigh, pig-tight and bull-strong—and this document he kept by him to read to his heirs and triends to whom he would descant, upon its friends, to whom he would descant upon its beauties. In due course he died, and when search was made for his will, with that perverreculiar to wills, it had vanished. His daughter—or grand-daughter, we write from memory—a lady of great accomplishments, and accustomed to act as his amanuensis, had heard the will repeated so often that she knew it by heart, and, the other heirs consenting, he frecollection of the will was admitted to probate. It would not do, however, for novelists and eminent counsel to depend too absolutely upon this precedent, for the court declared that in this exceedingly exceptional case the fact that the lady was unusually clever and well trained in legal and vusiness matters counted for more

than a good deal.

When the will of the celebrated physician, Dr. Quin, of Grosvenor square, came before Sir James Hannen not long ago, it came out that Dr. Quin, in conjunction with his friend, Dr. Sherlock, who appeared as an executor to prothe will, by their united efforts succeeded producing a testamentary document which was on the face of it a far from satisfactory one. After the will had been executed an alteration or erasure had been made of the attestation clause of an irregular character and almost endangering the validity of the document under the acts of Parliament. The learned Judge, in decreeing probate, expressed surprise that two gentlemen of such eminence in their profession should together have succeeded in producing so failty a document, and remarked that it solicitors attempted to prescribe for physicians' patients the result attained would probably be a failure to produce the desired effect similar to that in the present case. Sir James was right, and yet no one knows better than he how many great lawyers when drawing up their own wills have come to serious grief. The testament of England's foremost conveyancer was rejected for inaccuracies of description and looseness of language, and a well-known case is that of the lawyer who, to prevent any wrangles over the value of different parts of his estate, provided that his executors should sell it all and invest the proceeds in consols—in his name!

than a good deal.

A curious case arose at Sost, in Germany where a testatrix left her money to her brothers and sisters, but added: "If brother William marries in his old age he shall have nothing." It was held that William, a robust sexagenarian, could receive nothing, as until his death it could not be known whether he married or not. Much more amiable in effect, if somewhat cynical in tone, was the will of the rich old bachelor, who, dying at Manchester, bequeathed his property to the women who had refused his offers of matrimony, because, he wrote, "they have thus permitted me to lead a tranquil life exempt from household cares." Among decidedly curi-cus incidents of recent occurrence may he men-tioned the death in London of one Nicholson, a private in the Grenadier Guards, who died intestate and left—to every ones' surprise—an estate of £20,000. In July last his nephews and nieces moved for letters of administration, which were granted, the most remarkable fact coming out that his sister, who was a nearer relative, though cited to appear, had re-fused to interest herself in the matter, though she was poor. This, however, some people will think to be after all less remarkable than the case in January last of Mr. Kerr, of Dundee, and his lawyer, Mr. Thomas Thow. Mr. Kerr died leaving \$100,060 to his lawyer and not a penny to his family. Although from the close intimacy which had subsisted between Mr. Kerr and himself for many years. Mr. Thow would not have been surprised at being named in the will, he had no anticipation of so large a windfall, and selly expected that the relations, and more paricularly a cousin, would have been among the legatees. On learning the nature of the settlement the lawyer placed the matter unreserved. If in the hands of two gentlemen, and asked them to arrange what they considered fair and equitable terms with Mr. Kerr's next of kin. They suggested giving a quarter of the estate to the cousin and another quarter to another related. the cousin and another quarter to another rela-tive, and that he should retain the remaining half, an arrangement that was amicably carried out. Henry Graham, of Clyde, N. Y., left an esout. Henry Graham, of Clyde, N. Y., left an estate of \$.00,000, of which he gave \$15 to his eldest son, the same sum to his eldest daughter and the remainder to his second wife and her three sons. The will was contested and a compromise was made by which the children of the first wife got a fair though not an equal share of the estate. A more palarful family squadble was waged before the London courts last winter. The widow of Mr. Blake, of Thurston House, Bury St. Edminds sought to obtain probate of the contents of a copy of a will made by her husband on the 9th of July, 1873. The defendant, Colonel Blake, only surviving son of the deceased, opposed the will and alleged that it was not duly execute! will and alleged that it was not duly execute that it had been revoked and that its contents were not as set forth in the copy of which pro-bate was now sought. He further pleaded that his mother had acknowledged that the testato had died intestate, and that she had renounced her right to take out letters of administration, in answer to which Mrs. Blake owned to signing such renunciation at the request of her son, and in ignorance of the real nature of the act. The jury found for her, when Sir James Hannen declined to pronounce judgment, in hope that mother and son could come to some understanding, but a sett ement proving impossible, he had

ing. but a sett ement proving impossible, he had no option but to give her the property.

A decidedly curious will was admitted to pro-A decidedly curious will was admitted to probate just a year ago in the Baltimore Circuit Ccurt. William F. Green, a merchant-tailor who had accumulated property to the value of al cut \$60,600, was thrown from his carriage and died of lockjaw, writing just before his death in pencil on the fiy-leaf of a family Bible this testament:

this Evening II chal dai. I will Liv all my Property to my vife so long cha livs no Lonner. Che can sell it or Forrow money any necessary. Etter her livs it belongs to my elys. Chi most

Etter her livs it belongs to my ehrs. Chi most look out by her Livithanne so long as my Mother Livis. my George I will 2 Hundred for g'd behev. Eruksen Fisher I will Side House Replican 1s this Evening Wennesday Septem 1578 Wm. F. Green

Replican 18 this Evening Wennesday Septem 1878. Wm. F. Green.

This will was construed officially as meaning that the property was left to the wife for life, with right to sell or incumber it, she being required to take charge of the testator's mother, and a bequest of \$200 being made to George Adkinson and of a house to Ericsson Fischer. In an English will probated last spring there was a legacy of "£10 to the undertaker that burles my wife." Mr. Theodore Marsh, of Passaic, N. J. In his will which was proved last March. a legacy of "£10 to the undertaker that buries my wife." Mr. Theodore Marsh, of Passaic, N. J., in his will, which was proved last March, directed his executors to invest funds, the proceeds of which were to go to the support of his favorite horses for the term of their lives. To a white horse, to a long-tailed black, to a chest-nut mare, "Bora," and to a black horse, "Mink," he gave \$360 a year each, payable monthly, and his farm was to be used by them for feeding and regreation. He shows we \$500 for the avertion. his farm was to be used by them for feeding and recreation. He also gave \$2,500 for the erection of a stable for their use. Mrs. Robert O. Willis, of Comberland county, Ky., left in March last \$1,000 to her home payer, the Glasgow Times, "which was a source of great comfort to her in her sorrow, bringing her weekly news from her old home." The property of which she disposed had been buried since the early years of the war in a cave on her farm. Her husband, after burying it disappeared and was believed to have ing it, disappeared and was believed to have been murdered, and its hiding-place was only revealed to the surprised neighbors by the will. That very phenomenal convict, Charles Peace, puzzled the English authorities by making a will when he was lying under sentence o death, disposing to his family and friends of the wear, asposing to his lamily and friends of the very large amount of property he had acquired during a long and active career of burglary. The question arose—was the will valid? The old law confiscated for the benefit of the Crown all goods of a felon, and insured that the criminal's family should not profit by his villainy, and thus removed a principal incentive to crime. The act of 1870, which abolished forfeiture for felony, makes to express provision for crime. The act of 1870, which abolished forfeiture for felony, makes no express provision for
the case of a will made by a convict under sentence of death. It provides (section 8), that
every cenvict (which expression, by section 6,
includes any person against whom judgment of
death shall have been pronounced), during the
time while he snall be subject to the operation
of the act, "shall be incapable " " of allenating or charging any property." But by section 7, "when any convict shall die he shall
thenceforth, so far as relates to the provisions thenceforth, so far as relates to the provisions hereinafter contained, cease to be subject to the operation of this act;" and section 18 provides that the possession, administration and manthat the possession, administration and man-agement of the convict's property "shall revest in and be restored to such convict upon his ceas-ing to be subject to the operation of this act, or in and to his heirs or legal personal representa-tives, or such other persons as may be lawfully entitled thereto." The question here arose whether the will was an alienation of property within the eighth section, and it was contended that the alienation there referred to was a pres-ent alienation, not an alienation to take effect ent alienation, not an alienation to take effect only after an event upon which, by sections 7 and 18, the convict's property ceases to be subject to the operation of the act. The Solicitor's lournal believed that Peace was incapacitated

Journal beneved that Peace was incapacitated from disposing of his property—or rather of the property of other people which he had feloniously acquired—but as nothing to the contrary was published at a time when his exploits and himself were the themes of innumerable newspaper articles, it is reasonable to conclude that the "estate" went to his family.

The importance of carrying out sur le champone's intentions in the matter of a betweet lest The importance of carrying out sw te champ one's intentions in the matter of a bequest, lest an accident should intervene to prevent them from ever being carried out, was strikingly illustrated in the case of the late Sir George Buckley-Matthew, well known in this country, who only just missed inheriting the valuable estates of Thomastown in Ireland from a distant relative, the last Earl of Llandaff. The Earl, who had taken a great fancy to the young Cornet, made a will devising these estates to him, to the 'prejudice of his immediate heir, the Vicemte de Jarnac, whom he disliked. The will was prepared for signature late in one evening. was prepared for signature late in one evening, but the lawyer who drew it up asked permission to take it home with him and look it over, promising to bring it back in the morning. When he returned with it the next day Lord Llandaff was dead! He was a bachelor, and as he sat at breakfast a fish-bone stuck in his throat. His frightened servant ran out for a surgeon, instead of thumping him violently on the back, and before he could find one and bring him to the Earl's house the Earl was no more.—N. Y.

An Uncultured Barbarian. Nervously working his latch-key from the door, the business man hurried into the nouse "Hello, I say, Jane, where are "Here I am, dear. I have just got one more

eather to paint on this crane, and then it will be finished. Isn't it going to be just lovel—" "I know, yes, yes. Where's Jennie?" She's gone out to get a few more autumn

aves, one or two bare spaces are left on the wall in her room, and—"
"Well, well, of course, but where's Bridget?" "Oh, she has gone to carry the basket; for en nie. you know, isn't strong,"
"To be sure, to be sure; but where's the din-

'Now, John, how can you be so cruel? You know that—"
"Yes, I should think I did. I know that the next time I'm such an internal fool as to bring a copy of 'Household Art' into the house I'll be balder than I am now. It may be joftred pretty but I'm hungry for a square meal. Painted storks ain't fricaseed chicken, nor autumn leaves celery." And he went out of the house in a decided manner, leaving Jane's tear drops rapidly falling on the red and blue heron, washng all the pretty feathers out of its tail. -[New

Working a Honanza to Bedrock. They had a church fair down at Spanishtown last week, which was held in a large grain ware house just opposite the residence of a cross old bachelor, the richest man in the place. As the receipts were rather thin, on the second night the managers secured the services of the local amateur band to liven up matters. This band amateur band to liven up matters. This band consisted of two flutes, a fiddle, a cornet, an accordian and a bass drum, the latter instrument being hammered with extra vigor whenever one of the other performers went out for beer. They had succeeded in making about half the night hideous when a fearful outery was heard across the way, and, on the participants throwing up the windows, they beheld the capitalist arorementioned in his night-gown and swearing in a manner that made the Sun and swearing in a manner that made the sun day school teachers shudder to hear. "What do you people mean by this infernal

racket?" roared the exasperated man.
"Why-this-this is a fair," said the lady who ran the grab-bag.
Oh! it is, is it?" sneered the disturbed party. "You call it fair to rob people of their natural rest by this sort of second-hand pandemonium,

do you? Well, what's the f-a-r-e, eh?"

"What's the what?" asked the manager of Rebecca's Well.

"Why, the fare—the admission fee? How much to come in and be swindled? "The tickets are two bits," replied the lady, rather shortly.
"Very well; now talk quick, for this is busi-

ness. How much have you taken in so far?"
"Nine dollars and six bits," said the Treasurer.
"And how much longer does your fraud on

the public run? "
"Three nights." "Very well, that makes about forty dollars— call it fifty in round numbers. Send round to-morrow and I'll give you a check for the amount. Will make it seventy-five if you shut up shop in ten minutes," and the old objector to innocent amusements slammed down the window and returned to bed.

After which the congregation corked up the orchestra and dispersed. But they are going to give a musical in the same building next week. They say they've struck a bonanza in that old party and mean to work it to the bedrock [San Francisco Post.

Arkansaw Etiquette.

Last night two men from Philadelphia engaged in a quarrel at a hotel in this city. After using all kinds of epithets, one of the men thrust his hand behind him as though about to draw a pistol and then took it away. The quarrel terminated without damage to either party. An old man from South Arkansas shook back his long hair, and advancing to the man who had made the hip-pocket motion, remarked: "Both of you men are strangers here, I reckon?

"Not acquainted with our little rules of po-

"How?" "Why, you put your hand behind you, just

now."
"Yes."
"You didn't pull a gun."

"I haven't got a gun."
"Now, young man, let me give you a piece of dvice. While you are in this country don't advice. While you are in this country don't put your hand behind you unless you intend to shoot. Don't even run your hand into your pecket for a chaw of tobacker. Don't spit. Don't wink, for if you do your pardner, if he's in Arkansaw man, will joit you. You must learn these little rules of politeness. You may know how to conduct yourself at church, but you've got a good many rules of etiquette to learn."—[Little Rock Gazette.

Lines to His Aged Wife. Mid a' the thoughts that trouble me, The saddest thought of ony, is wha may close the other's e'e— May it be me or Nannie? The ane that's left will sairly feel Amid a world unea Amid a world uncannie; I'd rather face and age mysel' Than lanely leave my Nannie. —[William Henderson in the London Academy. GAMBLING IN THE ARMY.

Important Cabinet Council. F" Fifth Column" N. Y. Times, l There is a general impression at Washington that the soldiers in our frontier forts spend their spare time in gambling. Naturally, the Congressional mind is filled with horror at the thought that sinful cames should be played by men in the service of the United States, and bills have been service of the United States, and bills have been introduced by virtuous legislators to put a sto) to the practice. The President is understool to have been greatly pained on learning that the officers and men of the Federal Army are addicted to gambling, and the other day, just before the appointment of a new Secretary of War, he called a meeting of the Cabinet to discuss the propriety of requesting Mr. McCrary's successor to issue an order prohibiting gambling under heavy negatives.

neavy penalties. heavy penalties.

Mr. Hayes opened the proceedings with a brief speech, in which, after a passing allusion to the crops of the past season, he said that he had learned that gambling prevailed to a very great extent among the troops on the frontier. This learned that gambling prevailed to a very great extext among the troops on the frontier. This gambling, the President said, was carried on, not only in the usual way by pitching pennies and playing marbles to keep, but by a game of cards called, if he remembered rightly, "sledge-hammer," or "tongs." With this game he was glad to say that he was totally unacquainted, but he feared that there was no doubt that it was a wicked game, and one which was so fas-cinating that the soldiers would frequently self their Ribles and hymn-books in order to raise their Bibles and hymn-books in order to raise money with which to play. He wished to hear the views of the cabinet on this subject, and their opinion as to the expediency of an order from the department forbidding all games of

charce.

Mr. Key begged to correct the President. The games to which he had referred were doubtless "old sledge" and "poker." The former, he was free to say, was a game unworthy of officers and gentlemen, and as to poker, he must confess that it was ruinous both to the body and the pocket—he should say, soul. "I remember," pursued Mr. Key, "that while I was an erring confederate soldier we used to play poker every pay day. I once raked in seventy-four thousand dollars in confederate currency (it was worth about eight nundred dollars) in a single night. about eight nundred dollars) in a single night. I just did hold the most alfired hands. There I just did hold the most allired hands. There was twice I drew to three kings and filled. I reckon I made about four times my pay by poker while I was in the army."

"Fermit me to inquire," said Mr. Evarts, "If my learned friend adduces these facts as evidence of the ruinous consequences of poker? If so, I will call the attention of his Honor the President to the fact that they go to prove that.

resident to the fact that they go to prove that this so-called poker is one of the most profitable of American industries." of American industries."
"I gannot blay any of your boker," said Mr.
Schurz, "but I know my blano is far better. I
will blay somedings for you now if you like.
But, so! gan I believe it? Is der blano away
from der room gone?"
The President explained that Mrs. Hayes had

moved the piano up stairs so as to make more room for the Cabinet meeting.
"It is gurious," continued Mr. Schurz; "when game to Washington there is a biano in every nouse to which I vent. Now every one has seen up stairs taken. I gannot account for it.

"I recklect," broke in Mr. Thompson without "I recklect," broke in Mr. Thompson without the slightest apology for his interruption of Mr. Schurz, "I recklect when I was a boy raftin' on the Wabash, we used to play old sledge and poker, and go the odd man for quarters ail day long. One v'yge I scooped the cabin and all hands, and come into New-Orleans with all the money of the whole crowd in my pocket. But as Mr. Hayes says, gamblin' is wrong, very wrong. Still there's this to be said for it. While the soldlers are rilaytor poker they can't While the soldiers are playing poker they can't be readin' Popish books or listenin' to Jesuit priests, and there's no manner of doubt that kemanism is a sight worse than gambling. I'd like to see a general order requiring every soldier to make an afficavit once a month that he is a good Protestant, and is determined to fight the Pope to the last gasp."

The President here asked if Brother Thomp-

The Projecto the last gasp."

The President here asked if Brother Thompson would kindly explain what he meant by a quarter of an odd man.

Mr. Thompson said that he could illustrate what "going the odd man for quarters" meant very easily, if Mr. Hayes and Mr. Key would each put a quarter of a dollar down on the table and cover it with their hands, while he did the same with another quarter. He then asked them to lift their hands and show the coins. Both the President's and Mr. Key's quarters lay with their "heads" up, while Mr. Thompson's lay with its "tail" up. "You see," explained Mr. Thompson, "that your quarters were just alike, while mine was different; so I'm the odd man, and I scoop in your money."

Mr. Hayes regarded the disappearance of his quarter of a dollar with some uneasiness, but suggested that they had better try it again, as he did not yet fully understand the game, and wished to know the full extent of its wickedness. In the next three experiments the President was and warmerical that he did not yet only a warmerical that he did not yee but wished to know the full extent of its wickedness. In the next three experiments the President won, and remarked that he did not see but that if it were played within proper limits, it would be an innocent and amusing game. As the investigation still proceeded, Mr. Evarts and the rest of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Key and Mr. Thompson, gradually withdrew. Twice Mr. Thompson sent the call-boy out for change, and his brow grew darker as the hours went on. It was fully 10 o'clock when the President rose up and denounced the game as being of clearly satanic origin. Mr. Thompson coincided with him, observing that its character had entirely changed since his carly Wasterland

glad to assist the President in any further investigation of the kind that he might feel disposed to make.

This is the story of the Cabinet meeting which certain wicked army officers assert is the only true and authorized account of its proceedings. There is reason, however, to doubt its literal truth. Is it probable that either the President, the Postmaster-General, or the Secretary of the Navy would have told what occurred at a secret meeting of the Cabinet? If they did not, it is evident that we have no trustworthy account of how the game stood when the meeting broke

acter had entirely changed since his carly Wa-bash days, but Mr. Key, with his pockets loaded down with silver, protested that he saw rothing wrong about the game, and would be

His Grounds for Divorce. Yesterday Solomon Glass, a colored man, whose experience in agricultural pursuits has enlightened his neighborhood, caine to town

with a view of getting a divorce from his wife.
When asked upon what grounds, he replied:
"Sufficient is de grounds of dis occasion. When I rented ten acres and worked one mule when I rented ten acres and worken one more I married a 'oman suitable for de occasion. Now I rent sixty acres ob lan' and work five mules. My fust wife is a mighty good ten-acre wife, but she don't suit de occasion ob sixty acres. I

but she don't suit de occasion ob sixty acres. I needs a 'oman what can spread more."

When told by a lawyer that the grounds were not sufficient, he remarked:

"I kin produce de histry to show whar I'm careck. I's a learned man an'can read clar aroun' de majority ob colored gentlemen an'a great many white fellers. De reasons belongs ter de French history, an', though I doesn't speak French, I talks about it. You know Napoleon fust married Josephine de Beauharis."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "but you may become a trifle too historically opulent if you proceed much further."

much further."
"Dat's all right. An' you know dat when he got to de head ob de gobernment, an' had charge ob all de commisseries, he wanted a wife what would spread more, and he got a dispensation from Josephine and hitched onto Mary Louisa, case she could spread more. Dar's de history, an' dar's de precedent, an' et a man can't git a dispensation on dese groun's, whar's yer court houses, an' whar's yer law?"—[Little Rock Ga-

A Steamer Stopped by Jellyfish. A strainer stopped by Jellyfish.

A correspondent of the Western Morning News gives an interesting description of the voyage of the Crocodile. In the course of his observations, he says: "On September 21 the ship crossed the Equator early in the morning. On the following night a most curious circumstance occurred which would hardly be credited. The ship was stopped by jellyfish, which, shortly after 1 o'clock, appeared in myriads as far as the eye could reach, and the thousands of luminous bodies floating upon the water gave the appearance of a scene from fairyland. Some of the fish got into the strainers of the conof the fish got into the strainers of the con-densers and blocked the holes so that the water could not enter, and the result was that the vacuum went down and then disappeared en-tirely. The condensers afterwards became so heated that we had to stop steaming altogether, take off the strainers and clear them. Three attempts were made to steam and each failed from the same cause. In this way we were de-layed no less than five hours; but at daybreak the fish sank and the ship was able to proceed. The same thing occurred again on the following night, the ship being delayed four hours."—[London Telegraph, Dec. 4th

The Men Who were Not Hanged

study the set of her train, is with her a matter of much more importance. This selffishness of trudes itself at every turn of her self-imposed duties; she is incorrigible, and there is nothing to be said for her. For the procrastinating lostess, although she is equally in fault, yet, as she hastens to excuse herself when lacking in politeness to, or consideration for, her guests, her excuses are sometimes admitted; but the selfish hostess, if she deigns to excuse herself, does so with such a palpable show of indifference as to her guests' opinion of her actions, that the excuse is oftener than not an aggravation of the offense. "I got famously taken in on that occasion," said the Duke. "The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it; and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the prevot. The case against them was clear, and I had nothing for it but to desire that they should be taken away and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occision, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. "Bonaparte is of small stature and not well "Bonaparte is of simall stature and not well preportioned, the upper part of the body seeming to press upon the lower portion. He has scanty chestnut brown hair and gray blue eyes. His complexion was yellow as long as he was thin, but later it became a dead white without the least color. The expression of his forehead, the setting of his eyes, the lines of the nose—all this is fine and reminds one of the antique medallions. His rather common mouth becomes attractive when he laughs. His teeth are regular; his chin somewhat short. He has small feet and hands, which must be noticed because he takes good care of them. In standing and walking he bends a little forward. His eyes, usually dull, give to his face when in repose a melancholy expression, but when he is angry his glance becomes suddenly sharp and threatening. His smile becomes him well; it disarms and rejuvenates his entire person, and in such moments it is difficult to withstand his winning expression, so changed and beautiful is his countenance. His clothing was always simple. Usually he wore the uniform of his guards. Cleanliness was with him more a matter of system than of inclination. He bathed frequently and often in the middle of the night, because he thought it good for his health."—[Madame de Renusat's Memoirs. hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked, and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much, myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings; I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely, and next moraing, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering; when, some months afterward, I learned that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and as three men had just died in hospital they hung them up, and let the three culprits return to their regiments." "Weren't you very angry, Duke?" "Well, I suppose I was at first, but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."—Life of Wellington—Waine.

The Tramp Triumphant. The year 1840 marked a new era in the progress of Second Adventism. Not only was the "day of probation" drawing nigh—the day on which A citizen of Howard street was picking hiteeth at his gate the other noon after a hearty dinner, when a tramp came around the corne and halted before him. The Universe should srivel with fire the resurrection and ascension of the just attend the awful coming of Christ, and the midennium begin, after which the wicked would be raised for their eternal discunfort—of which the date was at first approximately fixed between the vernal equinoxes of 1843-44; but Father Miller, "theend-of-the-would man," as he was irreverently called by those whose sense of humor was greater than that of his followers, began more freely to extend the sphere of his personal exhortations, particularly in eastern New England. Though a native of Pittsfield, his labors up to his forty-eighth year had been almost wholly confined to the border counties of New York and Vermont, until in April, 1839, he appeared for the Briverse should srivel with fire the resurre "No use!" said the citizen-" I've no food for

Father Miller.

Vermont, until in April, 1839, he appeared for the first time in Massachusetts as a prophet—a reed shaken by palsy, if not by the wind. In December he was again in Boston; and in February, 1840, he saw the publication of the Signs of the Times (afterwards Advent Heralt) begun, the

first of the Millerite organs, which afterward reckoned the Midnight Cry (New York), the Gud Tidings (Rochester), the Millennial Harbinger, etc. From tals time to his death he lectured frequently

From tais time to his death he lectured frequently in his native state in halls and groves, expounding his rules of interpretation by which the harmony of the Scriptures was assured, and interpreting by the aid of Revelations the "time times and a half" of Daniel, on which his destructive calculations rested. It was in Massachusetts that his venerable and sincere presence first failed to restrain the rotten egg, which in those times awaited the utterer of unpopular dectring for he was mobbad with mis-

popular doctrine, for he was mobbed with mis-siles at Newburyport in May, 1842. A month later we find him holding forth at the first Sec-

ond Advent Camp-meeting, held at East Kingston, N. H., and in the audience the poet Whitter taking notes of the strange, impressive, picturesque scene—a tall growth of pine and hemlock throwing its melancholy shadow over

hemlock throwing its melancholy shadow over the mulitude, who were arranged upon rough seats of boards and logs; the white tents, drawn about in a circle, forming a background of snowy whiteness to the dark masses of men and foliage; a hymn pealing through the dim aisles of the forest; preachers thundering from a bower of hemlock boughs. \* \* \* \* \* On the 14th of March, 1844, Father Miller closed the diary of his public labors, and reckoned up his 3,200 lectures given since 1832. It was almost the only change in the regularity of his daily life which betokened the approach of "the burning day." When March had gone out, and April saw not the heavens in commotion, and May

saw not the heavens in commotion, and May

had come, the poor old man was heard confess-ing his error and acknowledging his disappoint-ment, but not his unbelief. October might yet

witness the fulfillment of prophecy: "The Lord will certainly leave the mercy-seat on the 13th, and appear visibly in the clouds of heaven on the 22d. During this interval of ten days, secu-

lar business was suspended among the Advent-ists. In New York, as Mrs. Child records, at a

ists. In New York, as Mrs. Child records, at a shop in the Bowery, muslin for ascension robes was offered; tradesinen shut up shop, or gave away goods, or dealt more liberal measures, to make their record good with the Almighty—all the while that the ungodly disturbed the meetings with stones and brickbats, and crackers and torpedoes. The Advent Hevald issued its last number with a valedictory. And then the sun rose on the 23d, and the said prophet could only say, "I have fixed my mind on another time, and here I mean to stand until God gives me more light, and that is, to day, To-Day, and To-Day, until He comes." Some, however, allege that the Lord had come, but invisible, and "closed the door of mercy to the sinner;" and then arose a contention between the orthodox and the "shut-door" party as to which should gain over Father Miller.

tween the orthodox and the "shut-door" party as to which should gain over Father Miller. This was exquisite cruelty, but not without a logical cause. The shut-door faction, given up to fanatical excesses, or neglecting its worldly affairs in a way to call for guardianship or the workhouse at the hands of judges and selectmen, did not in the end prevail. The orthodox party became a tame and uninteresting sect like any other with an indefinite lesse, of the The

any other, with an indefinite lease of life. The "Come-outers," who had made with the Adventists the joint convention at Groton, were chiefly

from Cape Cod, and appear to have formed a lasting union with them. The Cape is still the country par excellence of camp-meetings and Adventists, and there the wretched Freeman,

offering his little daughter as a sacrifice, recalled an almost forgotten superstition.—[From "The Isms of Forty Years Ago," in Harper's Maga

Hostesses and their Ways. A few of the salient points which distinguish the perfect or charming hostess are, perhaps, feremost, a certain fecility of putting each indi-

vidual guest at his ease, conveying that the welcome she accords to him is a personal, if not an especial one. Simultaneously with these

agreeable impressions is conveyed a sense of the hostess' genial qualities; her charm of manner, her smiling serenity, her unruffled de-meanor, her graciousness, and her courteous bearing evincing so plainly that she is entirely

mistress of the situation, which qualities insen-sibly react upon the guests, and evoke a cor-responding desire to please on their part. Her tact, aplomb, and readness of resource are such

tact, aplomb, and readiness of resource are such that she is equal to any emergency; while the most awkward of contretemps, which not unfrequently occur in society—such as the wrong people arriving at the wrong moment or the same moment—is carried off by her in so skillful and successful a manner that the awkwardness of the meeting is scarcely so much as perelyed. The perfect bestess has another advangelyed.

ceived. The perfect hostess has another advan-tage, on which rests in a measure the ground

work of the foregoing charms—a readiness of speech, a faculty of saying the right thing at the right moment and to the right person, and

of identifying herself, so to speak, with the susceptibilities of each of her guests; never attempting to please one guest over the head of another, making the one feel small and neglected while she is laying her-

self out to please the other, and is never at a loss for a judicious remark to be addressed to even the most insignificant of her guests, but is a queen in the artiof society small 'alk.

The good hostess is essentially what is known

The good hostess is essentially what is known as a considerate hostess; she makes up in consideration for her guests for the brighter qualities of the "charming hostess," in which she, the "good hostess," is lacking. In the charming hostess this consideration is eclipsed by her more brilliant powers of pleasing; it permeates all she does; while in the good hostess it is her strongest point, and upon which is founded her.

strongest point, and upon which is founded her claim to the name. The lady who bears the undesirable reputation of being "not a good hostess" is not "gcod" in a variety of ways; she means well, and does her utmost to succeed.

means well, and coes her ulmost to succeed, but, by some contrariety of the laws which regulate donestic and social affairs, the results of her efforts are always the reverse of what she would have them be. The "not good host-

esses" sometimes suffer from shyness and re-serve, which renders them stiff in manner

when they would be most cordial, silent when

they would be most loquacious, and awkward when they would be most graceful. Others, again, have no method in their arrangements, and consequently everything that they superintend

or attempt to manage turns out a fort, a tra-

verse. Fusiness and an over-anxiety to please is with many their great drawback and serious defect. These ladies bore their guests far more

than they are aware of; they hunt them about

with mistaken zeal, teasing them with inquiries as to whether they are too warm or too cold, whether they will do this or do that, go there

or stay here, eat this or drink that, and are so

or stay here, eat this or drink that, and are so deshifous of seeing them enjoy themselves and be amused, that they destroy the element they would foster. Their friends do not speak unkindly of this type of hostess—on the contrary, they give them full credit for all their good intentions; but they say pityingly of one of these ladies. "Mrs. A. is not a good hostess, certainly, but she is a good-natured woman, very."

As there are many read ons why ladies prove to

tainly, but she is a good-natured woman, very." As there are many reas ons why ladies prove to be "good hostesses," so there are many reasons why they prove "bad hostesses," selfishness and want of consideration for others contribute to there, as do procrastination and the having no idea of time. Ladies with such weaknesses as these produce very much the same impression upon their guests, although perhaps one is a little less culpable than the other. The selfish hostess is a "bad hostess," because, provided she is herself amused, she is utterly indifferent as to how her guests may be faring, her own pleasure and gratification being of paramount importance with her. If she descends late to the drawing-room to welcome her guests, instead of being in readiness to receive them, it is, because she is indifferent as to whether there is any one to greet them or not in

ther there is any one to greet them or not in the empty drawing-room; to arrange the last curl of her confure in a coquettish manner, and study the set of her train, is with her a matter

zine for January.

tramps."
"I didn't ask you for any, did I?" answered

"No; but you look as if you wanted to."
"Well, I can't help my looks, but I'm no beggar. I pay for all I get. You look to me like a gentleman."
"Y-e-s."
"Yes, bays a smart intelligent look shout

"You have a smart, intelligent look about

"Well, I hope so."

"Well, I hope so."

"Pd pick you out anywhere from the common herd, I would," continued the tramp, as he gently rubbed his back on the fence.

"Well, that's preity good," said the citizen as he stroked his whiskers, "but what is all this heart?" "I'll tell you. I'm nothing but an old tramp.

I don't know buckwheat from broom-corn, whi you know buckwheat from broom-corn, white you know everything. Give me a chance and I'll give you one. I see you have got two cords of wood at the side gate, and I'll make you this offer. If you'll make a speech 10 minutes long I'll saw that wood for nothing. If you break down you shall give me a square dinner and I'll move on." move on."
"By George! but I'll do that," chuckled the

"Very well; I stand to my bargain."
The citizen threw away his tooth-pick, pulled out his watch, cleared his throat and began:
"Fellow-citizens—We are called together here "Penow-citizens—we are cannot together here to-day by a common impulse. We have met—we flave met—we have—we have—"
"You can try once more—I don't want to be hard on you," observed the tramp, as the citizen broke down. "Try the financial question this time." this time."

Thus encouraged, the citizen led off with:

"Fellow-citizens—You have patiently listened to the long-winded remarks of Sam Cary. He has told you that a piece of paper is as good as a gold dollar. He has told you that—he has had the impudence to assert that—that is, he has told you—told you—"

"I'll give you one more chance," said the

tramp, as the break-down seemed complete.
"But I won't take it," replied the citizen.
"You go around to the back door, and I'll tell the girl to set you out the best dinner you've had in a year, and don't you be in a hurry about leaving the table either!"—[Detroit Free Press.

The Dead Moon. Considerable discussion has arisen over the question why the moon is an airless, waterless globe, and many theories have been put forward to solve it. The fact that the moon was formerly the seat of volcanic action far more intense than anything to be found on the earth, makes it hard to believe that she has always been without gases and liquids, since terrestrial experience goes to show that water is an important factor in all volcanic outbreaks that great volcanoes are never found far from the sca coast. Then the numerous volcanic vents on the moon would be certain to throw out a large quantity of gases. What has become of these, and of the water which at one time most probably existed on the moon's surface? One theorist has hidden them away in face? One theorist has hidden them away in the caverns within the body of the moon. Another has banished them to the farther side of the satellite. Another has frozen them by the intense cold of the lunar night. Another has had them whisked off by a comet. A correspondent of The English Mechanic adds still another theory. Referring to the opinion of Mr. Lockyer and others in favor of the metalloidal composition of the moon, he says: "If, then, the moon is largely composed of metalloids, it is not unlikely that sulphur forms a large proportion of her bulk. The presence of sulphur in large quantities on the lunar surface has already been surmised by Professor Dana, partly because it surmised by Professor Dana, partly because it is found in abundance in and around terrestrial craters, and might therefore be expected to be present in a like manner in so volcanic a region as the moon, partly because it is found to exist in meteorites. Supposing sulphur, then to be present in large quantities in the moon, when she was in an intensely heated and vaporous condition, and supposing oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen to be likewise present, would they not (at least the oxygen and hydrogen) unite with the sulphur as the temperatare fell below the point of dissociation and form sulphuric acid in large volumes? This acid, in a state of solution, would in time fall in rain on the surface of the moon, and, passing into the heated present in a like manner in so volcanic a region face of the moon, and, passing into the heated interior of her globe, would, by its flerce boiling, amply supply the place of the water, to which it is thought terrestrial volcanoes owe much of their explosive energy. Nitric acid might also be formed by the intense electric action which would doubtless be set up by the steeting of would doubtless be set up by the ejection of steam and other vapors from the countless craters. These acids would combine with other substances present on and beneath the moon's surface and form sulphates and nitrates. Thus we might expect the moon's surface to be cov-ered to a great extent with crystalline formations. The crystalline beds might perhaps ac-count for the remarkably different degrees of brightness which certain parts of the moon as-sume under different angles of illumination, as well as for the different actinic power of certain lunar regions which appear equally bright to the eye. Possibly, too, a crystalline formation may account for the remarkable brightness of Aristarchus (one of the lunar craters), and for

ally withdraw much oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen from the atmosphere, and this process going on might end in leaving little or no fluid, either in the form of vapor, liquid or air, on the

the supposed changes in Linné, to say nothing of the much-discussed crater of Dr. Klein. The formation of these acids and their final union

with other substances would of course gradu

mcon's surface." Celluloid. Celluloid is a composition of fine tissue paper and camphor, treated with chemicals by a patent process. A rather common impression that it contains gun cotton is a mistake, which arises from confounding it with collodion. Cel-luloid, it is said, is entirely non-explosive, and burns only when in direct contact with flame. When crude it looks like a transparent gum, and its color is a light yellow brown. It can be made as hard as ivory, but is always elastic, and can be readily moulded into every conceiv-able form. With equal ease it can be colored in any tint desired, the dye running through the entire substance, and being, therefore, inefface-able. As a close imitation of ivory, celluloid has made great inroads in the business of the ivory manufacturers. Its makers assert that in arises from confounding it with collection. Cel ivory manufacturers. Its makers assert that it

ivory manufacturers. Its makers assert that in durability it is much superior to ivory, as it sustains hard knocks without injury, and it is not discolored by age or use. Great quantities of it are used for piano and organ keys, to the manufacture of which one company is devoted.

So extensive is its use for this purpose that the ivory manufacturers have reduced their price for keys below that of celluloid, in the hope of checking the competition. "It is only a question of who can hold out longest," said a celluloid manufacturer; "but we can make our own elephants, and the ivory men have got to catch theirs. Within the last year and a half a branch of celluloid manufacture has been developed, which promises to reach enormous proportions. It is the use of celluloid as a substitute for linen or paper shirt cutfs, collars, etc. portions. It is the use of celluloid as a substitute for linen or paper shirt cuffs, collars, etc. It has the appearance of well-starched linen, is sufficiently light and flexible, does not wrinkle, is not affected by perspiration, and can be worn for months without injury. It becomes solled much less readily than linen, and when dirty is quickly cleaned by the application of a little soap and water with a sponge or rag.

The Coldest Town on the Globe, People who are not satisfied with New York People who are not satisfied with New York winter weather may go to a town which Humboldt and other travellers have pronounced the coldest on the globe. This is Jakutsk (or Yakootsk;, chief town of the province of that name in Eastern Siberia, on the left bank of the river Lena, 62 deg. 1 min. north, longitude, 119 deg. 44 min. east, and distant from St. Petersburg 5,951 miles. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of 300 feet, exert in midsummer, when it thraws 3 feet at cept in midsummer, when it thraws 3 feet a the surface. During ten days in August th thermometer marks 85 degrees, but from No vember to February it ranges from 42 to 63 degrees below zero, and the river is solid ice for nine months out of the twelve. The entire industry of the place—population about 5,000—is comprised in candle-works, and yet it is the principal market of Eastern Siberia for traffic with the hunting tribes of the Buriats. The former, mostly nomadic, having large berds of with the hunting tribes of the Buriats. The former, mostly nomadic, having large herds of horses and cattle, bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Okhotsk. The Buriats, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of sables, foxes, martens hares, squirrels and the like, and many of them are sold at the great fair in June, which, with May, is the active period of the year. In May the collected goods are conveyed to the seaports, whence they are sent in every direction. The merchandise, chiefly furs and mammoth tusks, sold at the fair amount in value to 400,000 roubles (\$300,000.)—[N. Y. World.

An Indian Tradition of the Flood

One morning water for washing was brought to Manu, and when he had washed himself a fish remained in his hands, and it addressed these words to him: "Protect me and I wit save thee." "From what wilt thou save me?" these words to him: "Protect me and I will save thee." "From what wilt thou save me?" "A deluge will sweep all creatures away; it is from that I will save thee." "How shall I protect thee?" The fish replied: "While we are small we run great dangers, for fish swallow fish. Keep me at first in a vase; when I become too large for it dig a basin to put me into. When I shall have grown still more, throw me into the ocean; then I shall be preserved from destruction." Soon it grew a large fish. It said to Manu: "The very year I shall have reached my full growth the deluge will happen. Then build a vessel and worship me. When the waters rise, enter the vessel and I will save thee." After keeping him thus. Manu carried the fish to the sea. In the year indicated Manu built a vessel and worshipped the fish. And when the deluge cane he entered the vessel. Then the fish came swimming up to him, and Manu fastened the cable of the ship to the horn of the fish, by which means the latter made it pass over the Mountsin of the North. The fish said: "I have saved thee; fasten the vessel to a tree, that the water may not sweep it away while thou art on the mountain, and in proportion as the waters decrease thou shalt descend." Manu descended with the waters, and this is what is called the lessen of Manu on the Mountain of the North. The deluge had carried away all creatures, and Manu remained alone.—[Rig Vida.]

The Young Man's Wedding Ring. The other day, when a young man had pulled off two big mittens from his hands and study one into each pocket and backed up to the coastove in a Woodward-avenue jewelry store, had still sufficient strength to ask if they kep finger-rings there. The jeweler might just as well have replied that he did not, but that fin-ger-rings could be found at any boot and shoe store; yet he wanted to make a sale, and he an-

We do. What sort of a ring do you want?" "It is for a wedding."
"Ah! Will you have a single diamond or a

"I s'pose you'd want two or three dollars for a real diamond ring?" remarked the real diamond ring?" remarked the lover, as he dvanced to the tray.
He was carefully and tenderly informed that diamonds had gone up considerably since they were used in his baby rattie-box, and then he

were used in his bady rathe-box, and then he concluded to explain:—

"I'm kinder down on such nonsense as wedding rings. When a fellow has to get a whole suit or ciothes, pay the preacher, come to town and ride on the street cars and all that, it's expense 'nuff. I s'pose, though, I'll have to get

"About what price?"
"Oh. 50 cents or 6 shillings, or around there.
If it's kinder gilded up to last for two weeks,
that'll do. It hadn't orter turn rusty under three or four days, anyhow, as she'll want to show it off on the street cars, and all the girl will be handling it. I'll look at the 50-cent ones

The jeweler went into a decline. He declined to admit that he ever had such a thing in his store. He further said that he could hardly be-lieve that there was a young man on earth who would buy a 50-cent ring to put on the finger of his bride.

nis bride.
"Do you 'spose," replied the young man as he reached for his mittens, "do you 'spose I'm a John Jacob Astor? Do you 'spose I'm goint to sill a huil crop of 'taters to buy a ring for my wife to wear washin' dishes and turnin' the coffee mill? She's layin' off now to have me buy her shoes, hat, mun' and perfumery after we're married, and do you think I can rush in here and holler out 'diamonds' and slaw down wade. and holler out 'diamonds!' and slam down wadof greenbacks to pay for 'em?"

The jeweler leaned his pensive head on his hand and looked out of the window, and as the young man opened the door he halted and continued-

"Fifty-cent ring! Just as if 50 cents wasn't nothing to'rds a bridle tower!"—[Detroit Free

Press.

Vitality of Frogs.

Charley Youngworth has half a dozen large, fat, solemn-looking frogs in the show-window of his restaurant waiting the order of some gourmand. Recently Mr. Youngworth was expatiating on the characteristics of the frogs, dead and alive. "They are the most palatable dish when eached women't that you palatable dish when cooked properly that you can set on the table," said he. "Yet I never tasted a frog's leg in my life, and I've cooked thousands of 'em. leg in my life, and I've cooked thousands of 'em.
Do you know, sir, that it takes a frog half an
hour to die? Upon my word, they are the
hardest things to kill that I ever saw. About
two months ago I got an order from a private
family for six dressed frogs. I had their legs cut
off, skinned and dressed up in about fifteen mintues. I set the platter containing the meat on
the counter while the waiter was getting some
other things ready to go with the order. The
legs of the frog were so full of life or electricity other things ready to go with the order. The legs of the frog were so full of life, or electricity or something, that they jumped around on the platter livelier than any shrimps you ever saw. Some of them hopped off on the floor. The waiter had to the a towel over the platter when he carried it out, so that he would not loose the meat. That's the reason I don't like frogs. You may smile at what I say, but every word of it is true."—[Virgiaia City (Ner.) Chronicle.

Sardines. These little finny creatures are caught in nets and after being well washed the heads are cut off and the fish are sprinkled lightly with fine on and the insin are sprinkled lightly with fine salt. After lying for a few hours they are placed on grids in rows almost perpendicular. The frames are then placed in pans containing boil-ing olive oil. This oil is changed as often as it becomes too black and dirty for continuing the cooking process. As soon as the fish are con-sidered sufficiently cooked they are withdrawn from the pans of oil and the grids are placed on tables covered with zinc, the surface of the tables inclining towards a groove in the center. The oil is thus carried to a vessel prepared to receive it. Around these tables stand the women whose business it is to pack the fish closely and uniformly in boxes. The boxes being full, the fish are covered with fresh oil, and the lids of the boxes are then soldered down. Thus her metically sealed they are placed in a wire baske and immersed in boiling water. The smaller boxes are thus boiled for about an hour, and the larger ones somewhat longer, in proportion to the size of the box. The fish are then ready for the market, and being packed in cases, are sent to the ends of the earth,—[Foreign Cor. Boston

OBCHESTRATION EXPLAINED.—The orchestra in the modern sense is the most perfect medium for the revelation of the moods of the soul ever yet invented. Please observe, we say the moods, not the thoughts; here poetry conquers music completel. The orchestra is a complete system of instrui ients, all more or less cognate, yet each individualized. It may be divided into four sets of instruments or choirs. These are first, the string choir; second, the wood wind choir; third the brass wind choir and fourth the percussion instruments. The string choir, or the quartet, as musicians usually term it, is the most important, because it is the most extensive in compass, the most various in rhyth-mical possibilities, and the most easily shade i and accented. It, though called the quartet, is really a quintet, having first violins, second violins. F violas or tenors, cellos or basses and contra basses. The wood choir consists of flutes, usually two; oboss, usually two; oboss, usually two; clarionet; the same, and bassoons the same number. Thus we have's voices, making a complete quartet, deubled when the composer wishes. The brass color consists of trumpets, usually two; French horns, from two to four; trombones, three; thus making nine voices, which are sometimes added to ing nine voices, which are sometimes added to by others of the same. Last, the percussion in-struments, of which the tympani, or kettle drums and the cymbals are the most important, though others, like the tamborine, the zylophone, the triangle and the side drum, are occa-sionally employed. These instruments are the spices of the orchestral feast. They are the cruet, containing the salt, pepper, vinegar and condiments of the tone banquet.—[C ncinnati Con mercial.

The Paradise of Babies.
The real "Paradise of Babies" is Japan—as has been said many times—for not only do the children have every imaginable toy, but many

persons get their living by amusing them. Men go about the streets and blow soap bubbles for them with pipes that have no bowls as ours have. These young Japs have tops, stilts, pop-guns, blew-guns, magic-lanterns, kaleidoscopes, wax figures, terra cotta animals, flying-fish and dragons, masks, puzzles, and games; butterfiles and beetles that flutter about; turtles that move and beetes that nutter about; turtles that move their legs and pop out their heads; birds that ily about, and peck the fingers and whistle; paste-board targets that, when hit, burst open and let a winged figure fly out; and most won-derful of all, perhaps—little bails looking like elderpith, which, thrown into bowls of warm water, slowly expand into the shape of a boat, or a fisherman a tree flower erah or bird or a fisherman, a tree, flower, crab, or bird.
The girls of Japan have dolls' furniture and dishes, and of course, dolls. They have dolls that walk and dance; dolls that put on a mask when a string is pulled; dolls dressed to represent nobles, ladies, minstrels, mythological and historical personages. Dolls are handed down for generations, and in some families are hundreds of them. They never seem to get broken or worn out, as yours do; and, in fact, they can hardly be the dear playmates that yours are. They are kept as a short of show; and, though the little owners play with them, they do not dress and undress them and take them to bed, as you do. A good deal of the time they are rolled up in silk paper and packed away in a trunk. On the great festival day of the Japanese girls, the Feast of Dolis, of which no doubt you have heard, there is a great show of dolls and toys, and it is the event of the year for the queer little black-eyed maidens. The Feast of Flegs is the boys' great day, and they have ban-ners, flags, figures of warriors and great men, swords, and other toys suitable for boys.

Marrying Early in Life.

MR. BEECHER'S IDEAS.

The Postal Card, a new paper in New York, asked Mr. Beecher: "What is your opinion as to the desirability of the marriage of young people?" Mr. Beecher thus answers: Why, of course, young people ought to marry; it is intended that they skould, according to nature. But love always must be tempered by prudence, and it is all the better—and very much better—if both love and prudence are tinctured with religion. Do I think that a man ought to have a fortune before he marries? No. The prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries, that his wife shall have no share or sympathy with him in the work and struggle to gain a footing, and in the pursuit of it (and in the pursuit a great deal of the pleasure is really found to consist) is absurd. Then, too, it is thought necessary that a young married couple should set out with so large an establishment as is enjoyed by older people whom they seek to showly equal, who have perhans ried couple should set out with so large an establishment as is enjoyed by older people whom they seek to showily equal, who have perhaps been married for twenty years, and in that time have built up commercial success and social respect. The idea that a man must be wealthy before he weds fills the community with fortune-steking backelors and unhappy spinsters; it endangers virtue, destroys true economy and design and the benificent intentions of the hone. It promotes vice, idleness, inefficiency and imbecility amongst females, who seem from an unsympathetic outset thenceforward to expect to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained and without any concern on their part. It is thus that a man finds it difficult to obtain a help-meet.

the horse car becomes so deeply interested in its contents when a poorly dressed woman gets in, but immediately notices and vacates his seat when one in variety show hair, Gainsborough bonnet and silk dress gets in?—Boston Comm

The chief fault to be found with the present national currency is, that in order to get it a man must work for it.—[New York Peo-

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on receipt of price, securely sealed.

DR. JOHN TRIPP'S BLOOD PURIFIER IS A certain cure for Syphilis, Scrofula, Ovarium Tumors, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and all Blood Poison. Cure of Syphilis guaranteed in either stage. Send for pamphlet, enclosing stamp, and please state disease, 806 Columbus ave., Boston. No medicine genuine unless in bottles with my name blown in them and labels bearing my own trade mark.

Jan 20 DR. JOHN TRIPP.

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Steamer Lady of THE Lake leaves 6th-street wharf on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 5 p.m., stopping at Piney Point and Point Lookout, connecting Boston steamers, &c. Leaves Norfolk alternate days at 4 p.m. First-class fare, \$2: Round Trip, \$3: Second-class fare, \$1.50; Round Trip, \$2. Second-class fare, \$1.50; Round Trip, \$2.

DAILY LINE ON THE POTOMAC RIVER.

Steamer John W. Thompson leaves 6th street wharf every Monday and Thursday, at 7 a.m., for Nomini and Saturday to Leonardtown, stopping at intermediate landings. Steamer Jane Moselle leaves same wharf at 7 a.m. on Sunday to St. Clement's Bay; Tuesday to Coan River and Smith's Greek; and Friday to Chaptico, stopping at intermediate landings.

and Friday to Chapuco, Swpping landings.

STEAMERS FOR NEW YORK.

Steamers E. C. Knight and John Girson alternately leave Pier 41, East River, New York, every Saturday at 4 p. m., and 63 Water st., Georgetown, Friday morning and Alexandria same day. Freight taken at lowest rates. Apply at Steamer or office under National Metropolitan Bank.

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Sep10

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